

Topics & Times

Many a man goes down trying to keep up appearances.

War scares are cropping up in odd corners of Europe. Does any one know where Hobson is?

New plea for the prisoner at the bar: "Judge, I'm as innocent as the Standard Oil Company."

King Edward is said to be "aging rapidly." Even a common man does this after he gets old.

Miss Mary Garden, it appears, has taken advanced ground against the overdressing of women.

Our national income is ample. It is our national outgo that many people consider foolish and wasteful.

We are sorry to learn from the doctors that King Edward is soft and pulpy. Let him try the strenuous life for it.

It is to be hoped that the Duke of the Abruzzi is behaving properly now that nobody considers it worth while to watch him.

We feel sorry for Lieut. Shackleton if he came within 100 miles of the south pole and had to stop on account of the bad roads.

Sir Thomas Lipton is becoming interested in airships. In case he decides to build one it will, of course, be called The Shamrock.

There is only one adequate punishment for the kidnaper who steals a child and holds it for ransom. Yes, it is the one you have in mind.

Another English lady novelist has arrived in this country. We have not learned the title of the naughty story which she intends to lecture about.

Last year \$30,000,000 was spent for automobile tires. Which, we take it, is pretty reliable evidence that the American people have been "going some."

Count Zeppelin can land his airship without a platform. In most cases, people who land from air ships would prefer good thick feather beds to platforms.

Occasionally we run across some back-page item of unimportant news such as that from Buffalo stating that the Standard Oil Company has been fined \$20,000.

A Missouri judge has decided that a woman may paint and powder without being subject to divorce. Since getting the ruling in her favor it is probable she won't care to paint and powder.

Premier Asquith says nobody in England knows just how many Dreadnoughts Germany is building. Why doesn't England ask Japan? We may be sure that the Japs have full information covering the matter.

The Secretary of Commerce and Labor has decided that a trained nurse is not a laborer. But when one considers some of the patients who have to be nursed, even the beneficiaries of this decision will agree with the contention that labor is about the right term for the work involved.

This is an age of combination and consolidation, and it is the big corporations that are going to do the big things of the future. In their massing of resources is formidable power for good or evil; but there is reason for believing that the truth that the sowing of evil means the reaping of disaster has been taken to heart, and we may expect an era of fair business dealing with an increase in the safety and security of all concerned.

The lowest rate of mortality from typhoid fever reported in Borough of Manhattan for many years was that of last year, when there were only fourteen hundred and fifty-five cases and two hundred and fifty-six deaths. The health department ascribes the result to the distribution of information concerning the prevention of disease and to the almost constant examination of the Croton watershed. The explanation is reasonable. To check the spread of communicable disease, not only must people preserve cleanliness in their homes, but officials must not be permitted to leave open the sources of contagion.

If amateur photographers could afford such a machine for printing their pictures as is used by a large stereoscopic view company, they would get more pleasure than now out of the use of their cameras. The company runs a machine which will print at the rate

of fifteen hundred photographs an hour. It is so arranged that when the length of the exposure needed for a given negative has been ascertained, it can be set to run at that rate, and will continue to run indefinitely. The sensitized paper is carried to the negative by a suction disk, is exposed to an electric light, and passed on to a receiving box. It is then delivered to a developing machine, from which it emerges ready to be trimmed and mounted. Thus the drudgery of photography is done by machinery.

The esteemed Philadelphia Public Ledger concludes an editorial with the sage observation: "The world does not owe any man a living until he has earned it." Certainly not! But suppose—Suppose that we had to have straw before we could make bricks, as was the case in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh; and that bricks were the only thing we could live on; and that some fellow that got there first had all the straw, and wouldn't let us have any, so we couldn't make bricks, and therefore couldn't make a living. Wouldn't the fellow that hogged all the straw merely because he got there first, and therefore had the power—wouldn't that fellow owe us a living, if he had the property from which we could collect a living? It would seem just that he be made to support the men he had reduced to starvation, wouldn't it, if he was solvent? Of course, if the men could get straw elsewhere, or if they could make a living in any other way, it would be different; but in the case just mentioned, wouldn't someone owe the disemployed a living? Well, there is one thing that a man must have before he can earn a living—an opportunity. Opportunities for self-employment are pretty well fenced up in this world now. The big fellows that got here first have hogged the straw for our bricks, and all the natural opportunities of self-employment. "It was a wise provision," says our esteemed contemporary, "that a man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his own brow instead of another's." A very wise provision! But the difficulty is that the fellows that got here first and hogged the opportunities of sweating for one's self, charge us so much for the privilege of sweating on their jobs that they live by the sweat of our brows—and if the "labor market" happens to be slow, we must go idle and be denied the privilege of sweating for ourselves or anyone else. There's the secret. The world owes no man a living, but it owes him a chance to make a living for some monopolist who does nothing. And if any large class of men are divorced from opportunity to work, if the world does not owe them a living, what is their predicament? They are not to blame. Where jobs are plentiful than men, the unemployed class gradually disappears. What about the fellow who is crowded out of the ranks of workers? Does anyone owe him a living? Or do we all owe him a living?

LONG FELT WANT.

A Plan for a Graduated Standard of Misconduct.

What is really wanted at the present time is a standard of misconduct. We are constantly doing things in doubt, as if we hadn't a right to do them.

The confusion caused by people doing things which in their circumstances we had no right to expect is the principal cause of our troubles. It ought to be definitely settled, for example, that any millionaire who has, say, over a hundred millions will thereafter lead an honest life. If he has only fifty millions his life should be semi-honest, and if he has only a paltry ten millions then it ought to be conceded that he can loot a few railroads or so until he gets on his feet.

Up to, say, ten thousand a year no man can afford to be dishonest. He ought to get up in the cars and give his seat to women under 35 at least, and of course he will not take the chance of robbing any safe. From ten thousand up to a hundred thousand he can engage in little dishonest filers by making one of a pool or putting through a land deal or so for variety.

When he gets fifty millions or more together, however, every man ought to ask himself plainly the question whether from now on he ought not to be a philanthropist. Doesn't he owe this to his fellow men?—Life.

Completed Sentence.

"Ye-es," hesitated Mr. Justwed "these biscuits are pretty good, but don't you think there ought to be just a little more—"

"Your mother made them," interrupted Mrs. J. quickly.

"Of them?" ended Mr. J., with a flash of inspiration.—Cleveland Leader.

His Waterloo.

The Friend—Your husband is the funniest man I ever heard on the vaudeville stage. He amuses everybody, doesn't he?

The Wife—He does not. He can't amuse the baby for five minutes.—Cleveland Leader.

The more pigeonholes in a man's desk, the harder it is for him to find what he is looking for.

VERTICAL TRANSPORTATION.

Twice as Many Folks Carried in Elevators as on Lateral Lines.

Vertical transportation in New York has reached enormous proportions, and according to a paper recently read before the Electrical Engineering Society of Columbia University, twice as many people are carried vertically as are carried horizontally every twenty-four hours, says the New York Sun.

Taking twenty-six of the large office buildings in the lower part of the borough of Manhattan, all of eighteen floors or over, this authority states, we find a total of 572 floors in all, aggregating a height of approximately one and one-third miles. In these twenty-six buildings there are 116 express elevators travelling an aggregate distance of 275 miles an hour and averaging 243,000 passengers a day. These same twenty-six buildings have 115 local elevators running approximately the same number of car miles an hour, but carrying about 872,000 passengers a day. This makes a total of 231 elevators running 4,400 miles, carrying a total of 615,000 passengers a day.

Taking the 8,000 elevators used exclusively to carry passengers in the borough of Manhattan and dividing them into groups, allowing for the number of persons carried, we find that they transport approximately 6,500,000 passengers a day. From the last report of the public service commission we learn that only 3,500,000 are carried a day by surface, elevated and subway cars in the entire city of Greater New York.

HOSPITAL PATIENT HASN'T CLOSED EYES IN 52 YEARS.

John Anderson, a patient at the St. Louis City Hospital, told a reporter for the Star that for fifty-two years he had not closed his eyes, although he sleeps at night and moves about as any ordinary man. Anderson is now 60 years old. When he was 8 years old, he says, he had measles. The disease affected his eyes, leaving him without power to move his eyelids. Anderson can see, but his sight is becoming dimmer each day, although he is positive he will never become blind. A thin



JOSEPH ANDERSON.

white coat has spread across the eyes, and to all appearances he is a blind man.

He was received at the hospital several months ago to be treated for "water feet," due, he says, to working for hours in water. The doctors are treating him for rheumatism. Anderson is a fisherman, and has been married twice. Both his wives are dead. He says he has a son, but does not know where he is. The fact that Anderson does not close his eyes when at sleep was discovered by the physicians at the hospital.

Not Included.

After the dry goods salesman had completed his business with Cyrus Craig, Centerville's one storekeeper, he asked what was going on in the town. "Had any entertainments this season?" he inquired.

"No," said Mr. Craig. "Not one. Salome Howe's pupils have given two concerts, piano and organ, and the principal of the 'cademy has lectured twice, once on 'Our National Forests' and once on 'Stones as I Know Them,' but as far as entertainments are concerned Centerville hasn't got round to 'em yet this season."—Youth's Companion.

Overfeeding.

"Men drunk from liquor and men drunk from overeating are most susceptible to pneumonia and die of it," said a Chicago health commissioner in an address. "The majority of cases of pneumonia are of patients who contracted the disease after a drunken debauch or who were drunk from overfeeding," the commissioner continued. "People drunk from overfeeding, I think, are almost as immoral as those who stupefy themselves with liquors. The effects of pneumonia in such patients are much the same."

Wrong Guess.

"A fellow tapped me on the head once and said—"
"I know all about it. He was a phrenologist and he said: 'You have a well-developed bump of wisdom.'"
"Nothing of the sort. He was a footpad and he said: 'Gimme yer watch!'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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